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A

MEMORIAL

OF

Josiah Gilbert Holland

DISCOURSES AND TRIBUTES

CALLED FORTH BY HIS DEATH, OCTOBER 12, 1881

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The Concluding Sentences of Dr. Holland's Will.

"I am thankful for having enjoyed the privileges of labor and influence, thankful for wife and children, thankful for all my successes. I have intentionally and consciously wronged no man, and if I know my heart I have forgiven all my enemies. For the great hereafter, I trust in the Infinite Love, as it is expressed to me in the life and death of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE death of Dr. Holland occurred suddenly, at his own house, on the morning of Wednesday, October 12, 1881. In accordance with his often expressed wishes, the funeral services at his house in New York, on the Friday following, consisted simply of the reading of the Scriptures and of prayer. They were conducted by Professor J. O. Murray, D.D., of Princeton, a former pastor, and by the Rev. Llewellyn D. Bevan, D.D., the present pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, of which Dr. Holland was a member at the time of his death.

The burial, in Springfield, Mass., on Saturday, October 15th, was from the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles O. Chapin, where brief religious services, of the same simple character, were conducted by the Rev. S. G. Buckingham, D.D., of the South Church, and the Rev. W. T. Eustis, D.D., of the Memorial Church, both of them formerly pastors of Dr. Holland. The benediction at the grave was pronounced by Dr. Bevan.

In the evening of the following day—Sunday, October 16th—a service in his memory was held in the Memorial Church of Springfield, a church which owes

its existence largely to Dr. Holland's enterprise and benevolence. Many of the churches in the city suspended their usual worship in order to participate, and the large edifice was crowded with a sympathetic congregation. The report of the meeting which follows is borrowed from the *Springfield Republican.*

On the morning of the same day a memorial discourse was preached in the North Church, Springfield, by the pastor, the Rev. Washington Gladden. The anthem and the hymn tunes used in the service were all favorites of Dr. Holland, and had frequently been sung by him when he was the leader of the choir in this church.

At Alexandria Bay, N. Y., which has been Dr. Holland's summer home for many years, and where he was greatly honored and beloved, united religious services were also held on Sunday morning, October 23d, in the Reformed Church, whose worship he attended, whose pastor was his friend, and in whose work he was a generous helper. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Henry DeVries, the pastor of the Reformed Church, the Rev. W. H. Hall, of the Methodist Church in the village, assisting in the service.

The memorial sermon of the Rev. Dr. Bevan was preached in the Brick Church, New York, on Sunday evening, October 30th.

At Belchertown, Mass., Dr. Holland's birthplace, a commemorative address was delivered on Sunday, October 16, 1881, in the Congregational Church, by the pastor, the Rev. Payson W. Lyman. This address has since been printed, and portions of it are copied in this memorial.

President Porter, of Yale College, once the pastor of Dr. Holland, contributed to *The Independent* of November 10th a biographical sketch, the use of which is courteously permitted by the publisher of that journal.

The sermon preached in Grace Church, New York, by the Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., the rector, on the Sunday following the death of Dr. Holland, contained a passage referring to him, which is also here included.

The poetical tributes at the end were published in *The Century* for December, 1881.

THE MEMORIAL MEETING

AT SPRINGFIELD

"*There is something very like mockery in the permanent youth of Nature and its frictionless routine of change. We only, who are capable of observing and measuring the phenomena around us, are conscious of the wear and tear of life. We count our own heart-beats, and note their faltering rhythm, until they cease. We feel the subsidence of vitality; helplessly we watch the gathering wrinkles on cheek and brow; we know that we are to die. Within the space of a single year, a revolution is wrought within us which places us in new relations to the past, the future, the material world, mankind, and even God himself. We consciously drive on and on, through permutations and transformations which leave our personal identity a thing hard to realize, and make self-knowledge impossible. But of one fact we are always certain—we are growing old. We know that the house we build will outlast us, and that any good book which we may write will pass about, bearing benedictions to alien firesides when the eyes that looked into ours with love have missed us for many a year, or have themselves turned to dust.*"—"NICHOLAS MINTURN."

THE MEMORIAL MEETING

AT SPRINGFIELD.

A MEETING was held in the Memorial Church at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday evening, October 16, 1881, the day after the funeral, to do honor to the memory of Dr. Holland. The Rev. Dr. Eustis, pastor of the church, conducted the services, and was assisted in the religious exercises by the Rev. Dr. Terhune, the Rev. J. W. Harding, and the Rev. Dr. Gladden. A letter of regret from the Rev. Dr. R. H. Seeley, of Haverhill, and a telegram from President Porter, of Yale, both former pastors of Dr. Holland, were read. Among the hymns sung was the thanksgiving hymn from "Bitter-Sweet," to the tune of Duke Street. Dr. Eustis said that Dr. Holland was a remarkably successful man; that during his life he had accomplished nearly every desire of his heart. But there was one desire that was not gratified, namely, that he might write a hymn which should be sung in all the churches. He thought that, if the congregation would sing this hymn at this time, it would be proved to be one worthy of such use.

"For Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

"We trace to Thee our joys and woes—
To Thee of causes still the cause:
We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows;
We bless Thee that Thy love withdraws.

"We bring no sorrows to Thy throne;
We come to Thee with no complaint;
In Providence Thy will is done,
And that is sacred to the saint."

THE REV. DR. BUCKINGHAM'S ADDRESS.

In speaking of Dr. Holland's relations to the churches of this city, I will say that when I came here, in 1847, I found him a member of my church. He was a young physician trying to get into practice. I remember he came to my study one day, and said he had an invitation to go to Vicksburg to superintend the city's schools. I expressed my surprise that he should be willing to go to a city with such a bad reputation, and his reply was that it was a matter of necessity—that he was obliged to renounce his profession and devote himself to something else. At the end of two years he returned, and found the way opened for him to become connected with the *Republican*, a paper which had just been founded, and which I have always regarded as one of the two remarkable productions of this small inland town—this paper and Webster's Dictionary. Had it been some wonderful machinery, it would not have been surprising, for such skill is what we cultivate. But this was a literary production, and all the more remarkable because started here in the smallness of the town, and with so little to encourage an enterprise of such a nature.

We all, as Christians, regard every man's life as planned for him by God. Dr. Holland was unfitted to

be a physician; God had made him to be a journalist, and he could not change that plan—just as Dr. Bushnell undertook to be a journalist when God had made him and ordained him, if anybody ever was in these later days, to preach the Gospel; and, as he used to say, it was the weight of a wafer that turned him from journalism to the ministry. And so circumstances, providentially arranged, prepared the way for Dr. Holland to become connected with the *Republican*.

[Passing from the story of Mr. Bowles's engagement of Dr. Holland on the *Republican*, Dr. Buckingham told of his relations with the Springfield churches.]

After his return from Vicksburg he became connected with the North Church, in accordance with my advice, for he said it was a church that he could help, and where I thought he would find a freer and better development than in the older church. In addition to his faithful work here in the social and religious life of the church, he made himself especially valuable as the leader of the choir. You should have seen him sing, as well as heard him, to understand what he meant by the service of song in the house of the Lord! His noble mien, his reverent and exultant manner, as he carried the praises of the congregation up to heaven! The picture of the choir-boys is a pleasant one, but commonplace in comparison with this magnificent specimen of manhood and Christian service.

But we come now to his connection with this church. There was no church of any denomination in this part of the city. He, with a few others, conceived the idea of having one that, while it was evangelical, should be undenominational. He found no sympathy,

I am ashamed to say, among some of our church members and ministers, for obstacles were thrown in his way, and he was needlessly perplexed; and if he had not loved the cause of Christ more than most, he never would have sacrificed his peace of mind, and continued to push on to success as he did this enterprise.

And here let me give you an idea of Dr. Holland's cast of mind, to explain his mode of thinking upon religious subjects. He once said to me: "Christianity, in the form of abstract statement and in the shape of a creed, has not any particular interest nor very much meaning. I have to test things through my heart and best feelings. If they seem good and true and like Christ, it satisfies me, and nothing else does." This will explain the little regard he had in his writings for formal orthodoxy. He followed the dictates of his heart rather than the teachings of any theological school, and, keeping his heart warm with love to God and love to man, and drinking in continually the spirit of Christ, he never was guilty of heresy. But he was all his life having a richer and more abundant experience of divine grace in his own soul, and it was conveyed, through his writings and through his personal intercourse, to the hearts of others. It is a striking fact in this connection, as his friend Mr. Eggleston will tell you, perhaps, that while he was so jealous of the religious liberty of others, and championed their claims so manfully, he never needed indulgence for heresy of his own. He believed in the Bible, and he adored and trusted in Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of men, and he was always true to such a Christianity, whether in his Sunday-school teachings, or daily newspaper, or monthly periodical, or in his novels or poems. He was a pure-minded, conscientious, and useful church mem-

ber, and all who have ever been associated with him in such relations can bear the freest testimony in this respect to his singular simplicity, to his tender piety, to his conscientious fidelity and generous liberality in all the relations he sustained to these churches and to religious efforts in this city.

MR. GEORGE S. MERRIAM'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Holland was essentially a preacher. He was ordained by natural endowment, and by steady, enthusiastic purpose, to the ministry of moral guidance and inspiration. So long as a man's highest business is to shape his life to the noblest ends, and so long as some men can, out of their own larger experience and proficiency, throw light on the path of others, giving them wisdom and heart for the great work, so long the preacher's vocation will endure.

That vocation has hitherto been largely exercised by personal speech from pulpit or platform, and largely through the instrumentality of the Church. Dr. Holland was an able and successful speaker. His relation to the Church was one of loyalty and friendship; but his life fell at a time when a new engine of influence was largely supplementing the old. While those who speak from the pulpit are glad to number their hearers by the hundreds, the daily editor counts his by tens of thousands. While the Church is anxiously debating how it can reach and hold the people, every man looks on his door-step for his morning paper before he goes to his breakfast. It is the newspaper that, beyond any other influence, now comes home to men's business and bosoms. The limitation upon that influence is that it too often lacks that clearness and emphasis of

moral purpose which has largely characterized, with whatever defects and drawbacks, the ministry of the pulpit. It was the especial distinction of Dr. Holland that he used the newspaper's power to serve the preacher's purpose. As a moral teacher, he found a weapon superior to the old as a rifle is superior to a cross-bow, or a locomotive to a stage-coach. No less did he enlarge and ennoble the function of journalism, by putting it to a new and higher use. He showed that a newspaper might do something more than tell the news; something besides discuss what is doing at Washington; something more, even, than to act as guide and judge in literature, and art, and public affairs. He used the daily or the monthly journal to purify and sweeten the fountains of personal and family life. He spoke continually the word that should inspire young men to be pure, and women to be strong; the word that shed poetry over the home life; the word that threw on every interest the light of conscience and the warmth of moral feeling.

I do not mean, of course, that Dr. Holland was the first or the only one to direct the power of the press to the conduct of personal life. Nor, probably, did it come to him at first as a distinct and deliberate plan. Said Cromwell, "A man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going." It was without premeditation that Dr. Holland began the series of writings in which was his first great success as a popular moralist. He had written on local history and light social satires when, one morning, Mr. Bowles suggested to him that he should write a series of letters in a familiar and popular style. On that hint, and before leaving the office, he wrote the first of the Timothy Titcomb letters. It was his good fortune to be allied

with a man, Samuel Bowles, who won the unique distinction of creating in a provincial town a newspaper of the first class, and whose enlarging conception of journalism welcomed and incorporated that specific function of personal moral teaching which Dr. Holland introduced. So, in his later career, he was fortunate in being associated with men skilful and strong to unite with his talents the other requisites for building up a great periodical. So he accomplished his work, not by conceiving and creating a career, but, so to speak, by meeting the hand of Providence half way. He was faithful to the light that was in him; he was open-eyed and sensitive to the conditions of the time; he met the opportunity as it offered; and thus he did the work that was given him to do. He did a work large in itself; large in the impress it left on two great periodicals; large as an omen of the nobler work to be done by the press, an instance of the new and greater channels through which God fulfils his purposes.

I do not attempt to speak of the elements of his intellectual power—to dwell on his observation, his reading of human nature, his sympathy, imagination, eloquence. But one element of his success and merit is to be noted—he could think the thoughts and speak the speech of the common people. He represented that democratic quality in literature which our social conditions demand and are only beginning to get. Take from your shelf at random a standard author other than a novelist, and read a page to the first man you chance to meet. Ten to one he listens with a sort of uncomprehending look; the voice comes to him muffled, as of some one speaking in the next room. For most authors write out of a mental habit and equipment which is unfamiliar to the common people; they

use a literary dialect—the dialect of a class, as much as is the dialect of science or theology. But, take almost any book of Dr. Holland, and read from it to any man or woman of common intelligence: the eye responds; they understand what he means; they agree or deny; they comprehend, they are moved, influenced. He was a man of the people, and the common people heard him gladly.

It is fit that we should honor his memory as we are doing. But already his monument is built—built, as must be every monument that is worth anything, by his own life. He has that memorial which we all desire beyond any other—the love of a few hearts, in which he will never become a memory, but live in that nobler, tenderer, more sacred relation which death brings. He has that distinction, given to the fortunate few, to be remembered by thousands with a warmer emotion than admiration—with personal gratitude for some high impulse given when perhaps the will was faltering, some clear light shed when the path was dark. His influence remains, invisible but powerful, upon the newspaper and the magazine that owed so much to him—the influence of a generous humanity, a regard for moral ends. In a hundred thousand homes his books are lying—not dust-covered, but in familiar use; and in each home he is a companion, counsellor, friend. A great and sacred gift was intrusted to him. He used it faithfully, reverently, gratefully. The story has reached a worthy end; the poem is finished; and we thank the Creator and Giver.

DR. EDWARD EGGLESTON'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Eggleston traced the connection between the later growth of Dr. Holland and the vicissitudes of his early life, saying, with the poet Herder, "My whole

life has been but the interpretation of the oracles of my childhood." When Dr. Holland went to a wider field in the metropolis and founded the leading magazine of America, he went with his character already moulded by his life in this community. He had despairingly thought, in his young manhood, that the world had no place for him; he had tried several things and failed—like many a young man passing through similar struggles to-day who is destined to play an important part in the world. People afterward wonder they have not recognized such men before. It is always perfectly safe to be kind and not to snub a young and ambitious man. We should make a little smoother and a little sweeter and better, if we can, the pathway of a struggling, ambitious, and sensitive young man such as Dr. Holland was in those earlier years. The trials of this period, however, only served to strengthen and develop the man.

MR. ROSWELL SMITH'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Roswell Smith, Dr. Holland's business associate since the foundation of the magazine, said that he was not here to pronounce a eulogy upon Dr. Holland, but to give some expression to the affection in which he was held by his associates. He told in brief the story of his acquaintance with the Doctor, and of the foundation of the magazine. Dr. Holland, he said, was a man who decided the most important questions with almost lightning rapidity; he never saw a man whose decisions upon important questions were so instantaneous. He used to say that he put his confidence in men rather than in things.

Dr. Holland knew that he had been often charged

with a want of orthodoxy. The speaker had heard him repeat with zest the story of a clergyman of Springfield who, when absent from home, was asked by some one what were Dr. Holland's religious opinions. He replied: "Have you read Dr. Holland's books, and can you not learn his beliefs there?" The answer was: "Yes, I have read his books; but first I come across something which makes me think he is a Unitarian, and then I read on and find something which leads me to think that he is a 'Christian'!" His orthodoxy was of the type of the apostle James, rather than that of Paul; but his writings sometimes reminded one of the story of the young minister who preached to the students of Union College. The venerable Dr. Nott complimented him very much on his sermon, saying, "The first half was pure Calvinism, and the last half pure Arminianism, and I liked it, for that is just the way it is in the Bible." Dr. Holland appreciated the fact that he was a misunderstood man, and that he was credited with the holding of sentiments and the advocating of views which he thoroughly abhorred; and one motive, he said, in starting a literary magazine, was that he might set himself right on the record. Furthermore, he wished to "round out," as he expressed it, his literary life.

No man held the clerical profession in higher esteem than Dr. Holland. Indeed, his estimate of it was so high, and his desire that it should attain the highest usefulness was such, that it led him to be impatient with its defects; and the same is true of his love for the Church and his respect for the prayer-meeting. He felt that these were the hope of the world, and he could not tolerate stupidity or intolerance in either the one or the other. Ministers had no truer friend than

he, and very many of them recognized it and held him in the highest regard. No minister ever came to him to consult him about leaving his chosen profession and going into literature, or into any other pursuit, but Dr. Holland turned him back and exhorted him, with the greatest earnestness, to stick to the preaching of the Gospel as the highest earthly calling.

The whole generation of men of the age of Dr. Gladden, Dr. Eggleston, and myself, who were ten years younger than Dr. Holland, read his earlier works with the greatest interest, and we feel that we owe to him a debt of gratitude which we can never repay, for the influence he exercised upon our lives.

You have heard here to-night how Dr. Holland was interested in the work of, and had helped to build up, three churches in this city. His love for this Memorial Church is well known to this audience. In New York he united with the Brick Church. And now, during the last summer of his life, he has been engaged in the work of enlarging and almost rebuilding the church at Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence, originally built by Rev. Dr. Bethune.

[The speaker then read a statement by one of the editors of the magazine, describing Dr. Holland's last day at his office, which was the last day of his life.]

"Dr. Holland was at his post till the very last. His last day was a busy one, and one full of interest and pleasure. He was writing his editorials; he was talking over new projects; he had time to go out to see some beautiful stained-glass windows, whose rich and exquisite tones gave him the greatest delight; but especially the day was devoted by him to thoughts of

our late President, whom he knew personally. The first thing he said in the morning when he came in was something about Garfield; he burst out with an ejaculation of 'What a magnificent man the President was! —what a knight-errant!' He went on to describe his appearance in the House of Representatives, the hush that went over the House when he arose to speak, and the ease and courtliness of his bearing.

"Dr. Holland was engaged that day in writing an editorial (which remains unfinished) on poverty as a means of developing character; and his illustrations were taken from the lives of Lincoln and Garfield. While writing this a book was handed to him, entitled 'Garfield's Words.' For an hour or so he pored over its pages, reading aloud to one of his associates the passages that struck him as most telling. He laughed his approval at one bit after another of sententious humor; his voice trembled at every passage made pathetic by the President's tragic fate. Among the quotations he was greatly pleased to find one peculiarly appropriate to the subject of which he was at that very moment treating.

"The last poem that was submitted to him as editor, and accepted by him, was a poem on Garfield, written by one of the younger members of the editorial staff; and the last words that he himself wrote, in the unfinished editorial, were about the President, and might almost be used as his own epitaph."

A FAITHFUL MINISTRY

SERMON

PREACHED IN THE NORTH CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 16, 1881

BY THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH

I am among you as he that serveth.—LUKE xxii. 27.

SERMON.

It is both just and becoming that the pulpit of this church should record the passing of a good man, whose life was largely identified with its earlier years; whose name is often written on its records; to whom the Church owes a large debt for wise direction, and hearty impulse, and faithful work; who owed something, perhaps, to the Church for moral quickening and inspiration received in its communion; who went out from you with your blessing, to be one of the leaders of a successful religious organization in another part of the city, and who, finally, going forth from this city, where the foundations of his fame had been securely laid, entered upon an ampler ministry as friend and teacher and leader of men.

The relation of Dr. Holland to this church is worthy of being recalled to-day, because it shows how active a part a busy man can take in the work of a religious society to which he belongs, and because it helps to illustrate his character.

Dr. Holland and Mrs. Holland were admitted to this church by letter from the South Congregational Church of this city, September 3, 1854. The Rev. Raymond H. Seeley was then pastor, and the church was just nine years old. So far as the records show, he was not conspicuous in the work of the Church for a year or more. In the autumn of 1856 he was placed on an important committee, to which certain suggestions of the County Conference were referred. When

the pastor, Mr. Seeley, resigned, he was made a member of the Committee of Supply; and it was through his agency that the Rev. James Drummond was introduced to this church. The records show that a report was read to the church by him, recommending Mr. Drummond, who was chosen pastor. From this time onward his activity in church affairs became more marked; his name often appears in the minutes, and it is evident that he is by no means one of the honorary members. In January, 1859, he is made a member of the Standing Committee of the church. At the date November 14, 1861, we find his name signed as one of a committee to a tender and beautiful letter, adopted by the church at the Thursday evening meeting, and addressed to Mr. Drummond, the pastor, then seriously ill, testifying, in language which to the sick man must have been very grateful, of the love of his people and their desire for his recovery.

Dr. Holland was always a loyal friend of his pastors, as every one of them will testify, but there was something especially close and sympathetic in his relation to Mr. Drummond; and in studying the influences that helped to shape his character, I think we shall be led to put much emphasis upon the ministrations of this true servant of God. Mr. Drummond was a minister quite out of the common. He was a seer, a poet, a teacher of lofty inspiration, a liberal man in the best sense of that word. Brave, open-minded, full of enthusiasm, the sermons that he has left show what manner of man he was. Now, Dr. Holland had always been a good writer, skilful and happy in his way of putting things; but it was not until Mr. Drummond became his pastor and friend that his writing began to assume that lofty quality, that prophetic tone, which was the secret of his power. The "Titcomb Letters" were written in the

autumn of 1858. Mr. Drummond's pastorate began in June of that year. Of course this element was in the man, but I am sure that the fire of Mr. Drummond's inspired enthusiasm helped to bring it out; and I shall always believe that through this short ministry of James Drummond in the North Church a great moral quickening was given to Dr. Holland, and through him to the world.

During Mr. Drummond's pastorate he was chosen—April 16, 1860—a member of the Parish Committee. This was after the "Titcomb Letters," "Bitter-Sweet," and "Gold Foil" had been published, and just as he was issuing "Miss Gilbert's Career." As a lecturer he was in great demand. What with his newspaper work, his book work, and his lecturing, he must have been heavily laden; yet for the next five years—probably the busiest years of his life—he remained on the Parish Committee of this society, and labored with such zeal and devotion in that difficult and often thankless position, that when he resigned, in July, 1865, to go with the colony of fifty-five members that formed the Memorial Church, the cordial thanks of the parish were voted to him and to Mr. Atwater, always associated with him, for their arduous and faithful services during the whole period of their membership on that committee. During all this time he was also the leader of the choir. I do not know precisely when he took that position; I know that I heard his pure tenor voice in the gallery of the old North Church in January, 1859. I shall always remember him, as he stood there, with his hymn-book held level with his eyes, singing the hymn—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

to a beautiful selection. It was quite evident to one who saw and heard him singing, that it was something

more than a performance—that it was worship. His services in connection with this choir, his faithfulness in making long journeys, when on his lecturing tours, to be at his post every Sunday, have been referred to in the journals; and the circumstance was characteristic of the man. It should also be noted that this was wholly a labor of love on his part; the parish made an appropriation for music—two-thirds of what it now appropriates—but he took none of it; what he did was done heartily, as unto the Lord.

Comparatively few of you were with him in this fellowship, but there are some who remember him well. It was sixteen years ago that his connection with this church ceased; it is ten years ago that he removed from this city, but Springfield has always cherished his name among the most honored names of its local history, and our people have felt a just pride in his well-earned success.

It is not necessary that I should enter to-day upon any biographical sketch of Dr. Holland's life. The newspapers have covered that field. I will only endeavor to assist you, as I may be able, in forming some clear estimate of Dr. Holland's character as a man and of his work as a writer.

Dr. Holland's life, as has been said, was that of a typical American. He began to work out its tough problems where so many of the successful men of our country have begun, in a farming district in New England. His parents were humble, but godly and honest folk; the picture of his father that he has given us in that homely ballad of "Daniel Gray" shows us a genuine Yankee saint, of sturdy morality, of austere but unfaltering faith, of reticent emotion. In such a home, where religion was always the principal thing, and where

honest toil never kept very far in the van of pursuing want, our friend's childhood was spent; and whatever else he failed to get from its rustic culture, he went forth from it with a hearty respect for the great values of character, a chivalric reverence for woman, a great love for home and its ministries, and an unfailing faith in God.

His early life was a series of unsuccessful attempts to whittle something out of life in Yankee fashion. He knew that he had something in him, but just what it was it took him some time to find out. Perhaps he would have found out sooner if the surroundings of his early years had been more bookish. But repeated failures did not dishearten him. Some of the changes of calling must not, indeed, be classed as failures; they were only the expedients of a shifty Yankee who could "turn his hand" from one trade to another if need were. Penmanship, daguerreotypy, medicine, pedagogy, were one after another taken up and laid aside, and at length, at the age of thirty, he found the tool that he had been looking for, with which to carve out fame and fortune, and behold, it was a pen!

All this checkered experience shows sound principle and steadfast purpose. He never lowered himself in the days of need; his hands were never soiled with dishonesty nor with mercenary work; through all the narrow paths of exigent circumstance he bore himself like a gentleman. And although he was sensitive and must have been rather dubious in spirit sometimes, yet he kept on, with honest patience and perseverance, until he struck the trail that led him out of the wilderness.

Nine years of strenuous editorial work had trained his powers of literary expression, which had also ranged somewhat in wider fields—the excellent History of

Massachusetts, and the local novel "The Bay Path," being the fruits of this period, when his Titcomb's "Letters to Young People" were begun in the *Republican* and gave him wide and immediate fame. He was at once in request as a lecturer, and his letters, gathered into a volume, found a great multitude of readers and made him friends in every part of the country. It is from the publication of this volume that his success as an author dates; and his career since that time has been one of unexampled prosperity. I do not think that any other American author, by purely literary work, has achieved so great a fortune.

The success of his "Letters to Young People" was a great and inspiring recompense to a man who had worked hard and waited patiently. The motive of this work had been the highest—the desire to guide young people into wise and safe ways of living, to share with them the lessons of his own experience, to inspire them with his own lofty purpose; he had taken his readers into his confidence, and had talked with them, in a wholesome and cheery way, without a chip of cant or a suggestion of snivel, about the great duties and choices of every-day life, that never can be commonplace, no matter how common they may be; and the response which the generation of readers, then young, made to his earnest words, came to him like a benediction. And when, a year later, he gave to the world his second volume of essays, bearing the title "Gold Foil," he opened his heart to his friends in this frank confession:

"A few months ago the pen that traces these lines commenced a series of letters to the young. The letters accumulated and grew into a book; and this book, with honest aims and modest pretensions, has a place to-day in many thousand homes, while it has been read by

hundreds and thousands of men and women in every part of the country. More and better than this, it has become an inspiring, moving, and directing power in a great aggregate of young life. I say this with that kind of gladness and gratitude which admits of little pride. I say it because it has been said to me—revealed to me in letters brimming with thankfulness and overflowing with friendliness; expressed to me in silent pressures of the hand—pressures so full of meaning that I involuntarily looked at my palm to see if a jewel had not been left in it; uttered to me by eyes full of interest and pleasure; told to me in plain and homely words in the presence of tears that came unbidden . . . . to vouch for their honesty. To say that all this makes me happy would not be to say all that I feel. I account the honor of occupying a pure place in the popular heart, of being welcomed in God's name into the affectionate confidence of those for whom life has high meanings and high issues, of being recognized as among the beneficent forces of society—the greatest honor to be worked for and won under the stars."

That shows you the core of the heart of Josiah Gilbert Holland. There is no affectation about it; it is the sincere, simple, manly truth. I know that the tears fell on the paper whereon these words were written. Other men would have been more reticent about it, but, being so, they would not have been Dr. Holland; nor could they, perhaps, without this very frankness, even though gifted with keener insight and more delicate critical taste, ever have won the confidence and affection that called forth this outburst of gratitude and aspiration. But the central aim, the ruling purpose of the man, are set forth in these unstinted words more perfectly than any one else could hope to utter them. To be partner

with "those for whom life has high meanings and great issues," to be "recognized as among the beneficent forces of society," this was indeed his high calling—a calling that he never forgot, and never forsook until the day of his death. To this first love of his authorhood he was always faithful; this impulse thrills on all the pages that he ever wrote.

When I first met him, here in Springfield, he was correcting the proofs of one of these chapters in "Gold Foil." The essays were then appearing weekly in the Saturday *Republican*, under the heading "Preachings from Popular Proverbs." You remember that this is the constructive idea of the series; they are a group of homilies based on proverbs more or less common. As he put the proof-slips into my hands, he said, jocosely: "My good mother has never been quite reconciled to my failure to become a minister—that was the calling she had chosen for me; and I tell her that now at length her ambition must be satisfied." Preacher, indeed, he always was. It mattered little what form his writing might take—essay, editorial, poem, novel—there was always something of the sermon in it. The critics who make this an accusation against him need not be disputed; it is true. If art, as Taine affirms, can have no moral purpose, then certainly Dr. Holland was not distinctively an artist; but then, with equal certainty, there is something higher than art. If the poem or the novel that sets forth the ideals of high morality, and urges men toward them, is in bad literary form then Dr. Holland's work must be pronounced defective from the standpoint of criticism. I do not choose here to discuss that question. It is enough to say that Dr. Holland had his own theory of literary art—a theory which is carefully worked out in his poem "Kathrina,"

and that it is very different from that of Taine. It was, in short, that art is not for pleasure, but for ministry—that it is degraded and accursed when it finds no end beyond itself. The words of Kathrina, spoken to her husband, express the author's deliberate judgment on this point:

> "Every gift
> That God bestows on men holds in itself
> The secret of its office, like the rake
> The gardener wields. The rake was made to till—
> Was fashioned, head and handle, for just that;
> And if, by grace of God, you hold a gift
> So fashioned and adapted, that it stands
> In like relation of supremest use
> To life of men, the office of your gift
> Has perfect definition. Gift like this
> Is yours, my husband. In your facile hands
> God placed it for the service of himself,
> In service of your kind. Taking this gift,
> And using it for God and for the world,
> In your own way, and in your own best way;
> Seeking for light and knowledge everywhere
> To guide your careful hand, and opening wide
> To spiritual influx all your soul,
> That so your Master may breathe into you,
> And breathe His great life through you, in such forms
> Of pure presentment as he gives you skill
> To build withal—that's all of art—for you.
> Art is an instrument, and not an end—
> A servant, not a master, nor a god
> To be bowed down to."

That is Dr. Holland's theory of literary art, and, whatever else you may say about him, you cannot deny that his methods were intelligently chosen and consistently followed. Of course, there is nothing original in all this. This notion of what gifts are for is borrowed

from a very old book; it is the application to the work of the writer of the words of the Master—of Him whom Dr. Holland owned as Master: "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" "I am among you as He that serveth." It is the Christian law and the Christian motive extended into the world of letters. To the paganism that now exalts itself in much of our literature it seems foolishness, but there are still a few left who believe that it is the power of God and the wisdom of God.

"The habit of Dr. Holland's mind," as was said of him while he was yet alive, "is peculiarly ethical. It is impossible for him not to think of the moral questions that underlie all social phenomena. To look upon life merely as a spectacle, and simply to make a picture of it, however accurate, would seem to him an unworthy task. He looks upon society as the school in which character is formed, and if the school is badly managed he will say so," because this product of character is the thing in which his supreme interest centres.

We may as well admit then, for good and all, that Dr. Holland was essentially a preacher. If that is any discredit to him, his memory must bear it. It is, perhaps, superfluous for me to say in this place that I do not count it any discredit to him—that I do not admit that there is any calling higher than the calling of the preacher, nor any work that calls for larger endowment or wider culture than the preacher's work demands.

"Dr. Holland's methods of preaching were various and well chosen. Upon the platform, so long as he had strength for such service, he lifted up his voice in behalf of truth and righteousness; and if the lyceum had kept to such straightforward and wholesome talk as he always dealt in, the lyceum would not have ceased to be

a power in the land. When it demitted the function of teaching and went into the show business—exhibiting for an admission fee all sorts of literary and unliterary monstrosities—then its days were numbered. But Dr. Holland's lyceum lectures, gathered into two snug volumes, are all instinct with sound morality and wholesome common sense, and all aglow with the author's hearty purpose to help his hearers into cleaner and brighter and larger living. He was a pleasant speaker, too, as we remember him—dignified, direct, convincing; with the living voice he was no mean preacher.

His earlier essays, those in the "Titcomb Letters," in "Gold Foil," in "Lessons in Life," in "Letters to the Joneses," as well as his later editorials, were, of course, in great part ethical or religious in their character. In those earlier volumes, such titles as "Providence," "Alms-Giving," "Does Sensuality Pay?" "The Sins of Our Neighbors," "The Canonization of the Vicious," "The Food of Life," "Unnecessary Burdens," "Faith in Humanity," "Truth and Truthfulness," show the bent of the author's mind; and all recent readers of his magazine know how often the "Topics of the Time" are topics of the very highest human concernment—themes with which the pulpit is appointed to deal. I think that the service rendered by Dr. Holland to public morality by his editorial discussions in *Scribner's Monthly*, by his hot indignation against the rascalities of politics, by his trenchant assaults upon the vices of the time, by his hearty advocacy of the old-fashioned virtues of temperance and thrift and self-help, by his unfaltering assertion of the supremacy of the values of character above the values of art, has been worth to this generation more than the generation will ever know till it measures the harvests of time in the garners of eternity.

Of Dr. Holland's novels substantially the same thing may be said. Most, if not all of them, were novels with a purpose. It was not merely for the sake of telling a pleasant story, not merely for the sake of describing real life, that he wrote, but also with the ulterior purpose of exposing and redressing some wrongs, of helping forward some good causes, of making social life better than it is. There are those who say that this is not good art. The fact is that there are not a few people nowadays without a purpose, and these are not apt to take kindly to novels with a purpose. But when they set up their standard of purposelessness, and call on the world to conform to them, we must beg to demur. The history of literary art does not warrant their canons. The classics of fiction comprise many tales whose conscious end was service. Shall we say that Brooke's "Fool of Quality," and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and George Eliot's "Felix Holt," and Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke," and Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Bleak House," and Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place," are not legitimate fiction, because they try to do a little good while they give a little pleasure? Dr. Holland had thought this matter all over early in his career, as he shows us in "Kathrina," and his judgment upon it never wavered. An editorial of his, in a late number of his magazine, deals with it vigorously. He speaks of this doctrine, that art has no higher end than pleasure, with strong dissent. "We claim for the novel," he says, "the very broadest field. It may illustrate history, like the novels of Walter Scott; or philosophy, like those of George Eliot; or religion, like those of George MacDonald; or domestic and political economy, like those of the late Mrs.

Sedgwick; or it may represent the ludicrous side of human nature and human society, like many of those of Dickens and Thackeray; or it may present the lighter social topics and types, like those of James and Howells; or it may revel in the ingenuities of intricate plots, like those of Collins and Reade. Every novel and every sort of novel is legitimate if it be well written." I think that this doctrine of art is vastly higher and more catholic than that which he is confuting. And when he goes on to say, in good round words, "The man who denies to art any kind of service to humanity which it can perform is either a fool or a trifler," I confess that he carries with him my sympathy.

At any rate, it is enough to say that he understood what he was about when he wrote novels with a purpose. And it must be admitted by everybody that his purposes were high and pure; that the blows he struck with this good weapon of fiction were telling blows.

The same thing is true of his poems. All of his principal poems take hold of great themes, deal with the great interests of character and the great spiritual laws. We may not agree with him in all the lessons that he seeks to teach in these poems—I own that I do not; but we cannot deny the lofty purpose and the earnest thought that pulsate through them all. Whatever we may say of their philosophy, the spirit that animates them is large and free.

When I thus exalt the moral and religious element that characterizes all that Dr. Holland wrote, I would not wish to be understood as denying to his stories and poems that quality which the pagan critics insist upon—the power of giving pleasure: not only in the felicitous and picturesque rhetoric and the stirring music of his words, but also in his quick insight into character, and

his happy delineations of men and manners, he has delighted a great multitude of readers. In his stories especially, while he has always aimed at some high purpose, he has succeeded in imparting a great deal of pleasure, not only to those who read for the plot, but also to those who enjoy the unfolding of character and the representation of life. It was never Dr. Holland's doctrine that one who would do men good must study to displease them. Quite otherwise. And he has honestly striven, and not without success, not only to leave the world better than he found it, but also to leave it happier.

Such, then, was the kind of work to which our friend gave his life. To serve the present age, and if to please, to please that he might serve—this was his calling, as he understood it; this was the calling that he faithfully followed. He was a man of letters who believed that his art as well as his property, his powers as well as his emotions, ought to be consecrated to the service of God and humanity.

He sprang from a lowly origin, he reached wealth, and fame, and high station; but he never lost his sympathy with the humbler classes; he never ceased to honor all men. True democrat was he to the core, to the day of his death.

He had a quick and sure intuition of the consciousness of his time. He knew what men were thinking about. He discerned the difficulties of the average thinker, the problems with which he was struggling, and he knew how, with deft and homely phrase, to put him on the track of a right solution. This was one great secret of his success as a writer, and especially as an editor. He was thoroughly *en rapport* with his contemporaries; not with the few foremost of them, but

with the great mass of them. All his writings are full of "topics of the time." People of coming generations who wish to learn what the intellectual life of the average American has been through the last quarter of a century, will find it as fairly outlined for them in the writings of Dr. Holland as they will find it anywhere.

To all these problems he brought not only a shrewd common sense, but an uncompromising idealism. "Ideals," he says himself, "are the world's masters. . . . That which is godlike in men goes ahead of them into some form of their own choosing, to beckon them toward perfection and to lead them toward God." Certainly this was true of him. His ideals of right, and truth, and purity, ruled all his thinking, shaped all his teaching. He never descended in his journalism to the level of the corner-grocery moralist; he never trailed his standards in the dirt; he was always calling men up higher.

He was a true and generous friend. With quick sympathies and warm enthusiasms, he was always ready to bear the burdens of others, and his hearty words and painstaking services have lightened many a heart.

But I shall sum up all, and explain all, when I say that Dr. Holland was a Christian man. The sincere and manly faith in God and in his son Jesus Christ, which he was never ashamed to confess, was the plastic force by which his character was formed and his purposes were shaped. All that I have said about him is but an expansion of this sentence. I have simply shown you how Christianity expressed itself in his life and work. He was a servant of the Master who went about doing good. He was a Christian, moreover, to whom life was supreme and dogma always subordinate. If he hated anything with a hearty hatred, it was big-

otry. With the people whose religion is nothing but "orthodoxy," to whom the formularies of doctrine are more than the fruits of character, he found it hard to have patience. "A Christianity which consists only of opinions," he said not long ago, "is a very shabby article, and we do not pretend to believe in it. The Christianity which is a divine life, a divine inspiration, and a divine hope, is so inexpressibly dear to so many people, it is such a help to them in their struggles with their grosser natures, it gives to life and death so stupendous a meaning, it is such a comfort in trouble and sorrow and burden-bearing, that we should need to be inhuman not to regard the efforts aimed at its overthrow as aimed at the dearest interests of the human race." It was because he believed with such unconquerable faith in Christianity as a life and an experience, that his wrath was kindled against the men who sought to desiccate it into formularies, and to cast out of the Church all holy and saintly servants of Christ who cannot chew these theological chips. For the ringing words that he has uttered in defence of the liberty that always ought to be where the Spirit of the Lord is, the Church of God remains his debtor.

Suddenly, though not without warning, this servant of God has been called home. One cannot help recalling, when this word home is written, that poem of his on the "Two Homes," that we first read only a few months ago:

"I hasten homeward, through the gathering night,
Toward the dear ones who in expectance sweet
Await the coming of my weary feet,
With faces in the hearth-fire glowing bright,
And please my heart with many a lovely sight

Of way-worn neighbors, stepping from the street
Through doors thrown wide, and bursts of light that greet
Their entrance, painting all their path with white ;
And then I think, with a great thrill of bliss,
That all the world, and all of life it brings,
Tell me true tales of other realms than this,
As faithful types of spiritual things.
And so I know that home's rewarding kiss
Insures the hope of heaven that in me springs."

From the garnered sweetness of one of these homes he has gone, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, to the unknown glories of the other. But he did not wait long upon that threshold for his welcome. A great number of those whose purposes he has strengthened, whose hearts he has comforted, were there before him, and we can only imagine the greeting with which they have received him into those everlasting habitations. Farewell, old friend! The world that thou hast left is poorer because thou art not here; but the world to which thou hast gone has gained something of reality and something of home-likeness since thou hast passed within its portals. There, as well as here, is service for thee; and thou wilt have new truths to hearten us, new tales to tell us, new songs to sing us when we see thee again. Till then, farewell!

THE PERFECT MAN

SERMON

PREACHED IN THE REFORMED CHURCH AT ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1881

BY THE REV. HENRY DE VRIES

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.—PSALMS, xxxvii. 37.

SERMON.

All men are followers. The inclination to imitate is so strong that but few are really original. Consciously, or unconsciously, we follow some example. Paul could say, "Be ye followers of me, even as I am of Christ." Happy the man that has put a noble and pure ideal before him!

The Psalmist bids us "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright," and there is a peculiar pleasure in looking upon a true man, a noble manhood. It is our mournful pleasure, this morning, to obey this injunction to mark the perfect man and behold the upright who has lived among us, whose influence we all have felt, whose nobility of soul we all have witnessed. God, whose way is in the sanctuary, round about whom are clouds and darkness, has taken him away from us, and while we mourn the loss of a great man and a loving friend, we bow the head and say, in reverence and godly fear, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

In the light of our text we propose briefly to speak of the character of Dr. Holland.

The word perfect does not mean complete. The opening rosebud is perfect, the blooming rose is only complete. There may be perfect conception, which is the ideal, without complete execution, which is the real. That stately structure, the Cathedral of Cologne, has been incomplete for hundreds of years, yet the world never doubted that it was a perfect piece of architec-

ture. The superficial might look only upon the unfinished towers and pinnacles, upon the scaffoldings and busy workmen, the raw materials and clumsy tools, and call it very imperfect; but the educated eye would see through all this and recognize the perfect ideal of beauty and stateliness. Though still unfinished as a whole, yet the foundations broad and massive, the walls strong and solid, the lines and arches in perfect symmetry, the steeples and pinnacles towering upward, all speak of perfection of conception and promise perfection in execution.

So is the perfect man, the temple of the Holy Ghost. He is not yet complete; there are still the weaknesses, the imperfections, the besetting sins, that mar and often hide the beauty of the inward temple that the heavenly Workman is building. Yet the ideal, the plan is perfect, and is promise and pledge of the fullest completion.

Let us apply this to the perfect man. What is the foundation upon which his perfectness is built? According to the work of God, perfection which is acceptable before God is that which is found in Christ Jesus, which proceeds from the new life born of the Holy Ghost. In other words, the only perfect man is he that is genuinely converted of God's spirit, and is a new creature in Christ Jesus. Dr. Holland's whole noble manhood, righteous and true and beautiful, was founded upon the fact of his being a follower of Christ—that is, a Christian in the truest sense of the word. I had the honor and pleasure of his confidence. He told me that, when little more than a boy, he felt it his duty to join the Church, which he did. He had many doubts and struggles, sometimes behaved in a manner not becoming a member of the Church; yet at communion seasons he felt it was his right and his duty to partake of the Sacrament,

though many seemed to think he had no right whatever. So he clung to the Church. At twenty-eight years of age he left his home in Springfield for the South, leaving his young wife also, because necessity compelled him. In his adversity an inexpressible sadness came over him. "I wept and prayed," he said, "day and night, in the school and in the fields; prayed as I never prayed before—prayer which God heard, for then his peace came upon me." This was the simple story of his conversion. His subsequent life proved the genuineness of his confession. Of that confession he was never ashamed. He carried his religion with him into all his relations of life. In all his writings, earlier and later, in every place where he lived, on every platform from which he spoke, his trumpet gave no uncertain sound. It was this divine principle in his life, this love of God to which he had opened his heart, that formed the strong foundation of Dr. Holland's noble manhood.

Of the superstructure we can hardly speak. That character so beautifully rounded we cannot describe adequately. There you found the stern qualities that characterize the man blended with the gentler which adorn the woman. David asks, "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle, who shall dwell on thy holy hill?" and the answer comes, "He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." These are the walls, the main supports, the buttresses of all character. No character is perfect except the character strong in righteousness and truth. Righteousness and judgment are the pillars of God's throne; and not only of God's throne, but of every man's throne, which is his character. Dr. Holland was true as steel, but transparent as crystal. Of him could

be said what Christ said of Nathaniel, "Behold an Israelite in whom there is no guile." When you looked on that kingly countenance, into that clear, open eye, you felt more than understood that that eye was the mirror of a truthful soul; that there was sincerity, simplicity, complete guilelessness. He knew no meanness; all trickery was utterly foreign to him; if necessary, he would, as David has it, swear to his own hurt, and change not. And that truth-loving soul hated all kinds of falsehood and injustice. Though he sought ever to save the sinner, yet he condemned his sin. With what ardor and spirit did he speak and write against all vice! with what righteous indignation did he lift up his voice against all hypocrisy and meanness, and wrong and oppression! He spared none; but, calling ugly things by their ugly names, he denounced them wherever he found them. And yet none could call him censorious or uncharitable. While he was righteous and just, undaunted as true knight with flashing eye and holy wrath, yet how gentle, how meek, how loving a disposition was his! During the four years of my connection with Dr. Holland, I have often likened him to John, the apostle of love. He adorned the doctrine of Christ with all the gentler graces.

How tenderly did he love his family—and he was manly enough to show it. He was proud of his family as they were of him. His home was his paradise, and love was its atmosphere. Of his love to his friends we *all* can speak; how cheering, how encouraging, were his words, how sound his advice, how generous his help, whenever called upon!

Of his love to human kind, his works speak more eloquently than any praise of ours. One day he said

to me, "I have worked every day for forty years, and worked hard." And what was the motive? Love of money? Love of fame? No; love of men. Dr. Holland was a preacher—a born preacher—a minister of the gospel of peace and purity. That was his life-work. That busy brain of his was always observing, always taking in, actual life; the street, the store, the office, were his school; and that busy pen of his hurried over the paper to give lessons of wisdom to millions of souls. He was the prèacher of the people; he wrote for the people; he did not ascend some lofty mountain-peak to dream of unattainable things, but he descended to the common level, and spoke as common people speak of common things, of common follies, leading common folks to the common Saviour. I once asked him, "Doctor, would you not once preach for me?" He answered, "If I were well." I asked again, "Did you ever preach?" And with that significant smile of his he said, "Often."

Often and eloquently did he preach sermons to millions—sermons that must have saved lost sons and lost daughters; that taught mothers how to love their children, fathers how to be fathers indeed, husbands what the name of husband means. But where should I end in speaking of the persons to whom he spoke, the subjects of which he treated, all the *Joneses* whom he addressed? And to all he taught the true philosophy of faith, the true way of life.

And all this because of his love of God. The love of God was with him the beginning and the end. The word of God was his book of life; the house of God a house of feasting; the people of God his brothers and sisters; the day of the Lord a day of rest and gladness. His presence in the sanctuary was an inspiration to his

pastor and to all that could see him. To hear him sing in that melodious tenor, so distinctly pronouncing every word with that deep feeling and wonderful pathos, was a delight to the ear, but more so to the soul. One day, singing that beautiful hymn—

"Gentle Jesus, how I love thee!"

I was struck with the pathos in his singing. The way in which he sang it—the deep feeling, the tearful eye—were a revelation of the Christ-loving soul within.

Dr. Holland also believed in the Church in the family. I hardly know whether it is right for me to speak of his domestic devotional exercises. I do so because this is a sacred hour, sacred to his memory—and because of the influence which such holy lives should have for us who try to follow them. With his family he read the Scriptures, he bent the knee, he prayed and sang. His reading of the Scriptures was very touching. He sometimes stopped and reflected, sometimes his voice became thick with emotion. His prayer was child-like, fervent, simple, beautiful.

Shall I speak of his generous nature, of his knowledge of men and the hearts of men? The secret of this astonishing knowledge lies partly in his keen observations, partly in his knowledge of his own heart. Walking home from the church one Sunday morning, affectionately speaking of Dr. Bevan, his city pastor, and of his sermons, he remarked: "I must acknowledge every day that I find every sin, at least the germ of every sin, in my own heart." It requires close heart-searching and genuine honesty, and deep self-knowledge and the light of God's Spirit, to make such a confession. If we mark this perfect man so as to follow him, we must come to this confession also.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!" The force of the whole sentence is in the final clause.

This is true in its broadest sense of Dr. Holland. His end was not the morning when he died; it was the four years of silent suffering, of imminent danger, of certain approaching death. He knew that death was coming—death was possible at any moment. Yet he dreaded it not. Undauntedly he looked Death in the face, for he feared him not. He wrote me: "I trust, if the change comes, I may be ready for the change. Life is so sweet and significant to me that, whenever I go, I shall 'cast one loving, lingering look behind.'" Life was sweet, was significant to him. He enjoyed life, his life-work was yielding precious rewards, he had all that life could give, and he had every faculty unimpaired, keen, and healthy to enjoy it. Then there came the messenger, saying, "Prepare thy house, for thou shalt die;" and his answer, not in so many words, but in every action, was, "Lord I am ready; Thy time is my time; Thy will is my will." Active, preparing for vigorous work, glad to work, yet always reminded by that troubled heart of the coming change, peaceful and calm—so he lived till he died. Awful in its suddenness, yet his end was peace. He slept in Jesus. That gentle spirit, sanctified by many sufferings, chastened by many afflictions, matured by the discipline of sixty-two years of intense activity, of faithful service of God and men, is now in the presence of God, reunited to friends long gone before him. There that character, which here he built, goes with him; the perfect man in Christ Jesus here is perfect and complete in Christ Jesus there. We only saw the promise; its fulfilling we see not yet. If the promise was so great, what must the reality be?

Dr. Holland is not lost for us; he is not dead—he liveth. We shall see him again, more beautiful, more Christ-like than we knew him here. Heaven is the garden where the choice plants of God's planting attain full maturity. And I heard a voice from heaven saying, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

And we? My friends, we cannot but mourn. That vacant pew, draped in black; our beautiful church, where every tint, every color, every appointment speak of him whom we shall see no more; that beautiful Sunday-school room, where his generosity and thoughtfulness and helpfulness appear; yonder library in mourning; yonder home, his Bonniecastle, which he loved so well; our entire village, where his manly form was so often seen, so well beloved—all speak of him, and we love him better than ever before; and we thank our God that so noble a specimen of Christian manhood came to us and took up his abode with us.

But is this all?—simply memorial services in the church which he honored with his presence and kindness; a rehearsal of his virtues; a fleeting desire to be like him, and no more? God forbid! When God sends righteous men into villages and cities, that their light may shine, then God has something to say to such communities, some lesson to teach, some good example to give, a new impulse to impart. God has something to teach us. God's voice speaks in Dr. Holland's life and in Dr. Holland's death, especially to us the people and churches of Alexandria Bay. We needed such a man—not so much because of his wealth and what his name might do for the place, as for what his personality, his bright example, might do for us, men and women,

in the place. We need the same foundation on which he stood, to build our characters and our hopes upon. We must do the same work, must make the same confession, must live the same life. We may not possess his talents, we may not reach his literary attainments; his Christian character we may have, we must have, or it will not be well with us. Therefore let us build a memorial in this place, not only of marble in this house, but of Christian manhood in our hearts, in our homes, in our churches, in our community; and thus render thanks unto God who gave, who hath taken away, whose name be blessed for evermore. *Amen.*

A CHRISTIAN MAN OF LETTERS

SERMON

PREACHED IN THE BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK

On Sunday Evening, October 30, 1881

By the Rev. LLEWELLYN D. BEVAN, D.D.

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH

He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good ; and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.—PROVERBS xvi. 20.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. —PROVERBS XXV. 11.

SERMON.

I SHALL not easily forget the shock caused by the announcement of the death of Dr. Holland. I knew, as he himself and his nearer friends knew, that he had been living for some time under the shadow of a verdict which medical skill had pronounced; and yet who was there that did not hope that perhaps even the learned physicians were mistaken, or that care and God's mercy might yet remove the disease and permit our friend to live on for many years in the strength and enjoyment of a ripe and mature age?

On the Sunday morning previous to his death he took his place in the church, and there, just beneath the pulpit, I saw the grave and earnest countenance, the tender and responsive eyes. Perhaps a little graver than usual was the face, and perhaps, as I now recall the eyes, there was a shadow that thinly veiled the light of his outlooking. And yet this may be only the fancy born of our present knowledge that death was already at his heels, and that the communion service at which he was present on that last Sabbath morning was soon to be followed by the summons to enter into the higher communion of the saints in light. In the full strength of his mental powers—with the one exception of those attacks of pain which exertion brought on, all his bodily activities unabated, having gained a place of wide reputation and large significance, wielding the peculiar influence of a popular magazine, conceiving the plans of new labor, to accomplish which he felt himself more

able than at any time; and yet, with work done and rounded off with noteworthy completeness, the call came, and in a moment he disappeared from the eyes of love and comradeship, and the watch of fellow-toilers, and has left behind a pure memory, a good record, a healthy inspiration, a name of strength. It is useful as it is becoming to endeavor to understand something of such a man's life, to hear the voice that speaks from the story of character and achievement which a true man leaves for us to read; for you may be sure, brethren, that God sends a message by each man's conduct and being. The canon of the inspired word of good living is never closed. And if men are wise who can read the signs of the times, surely there is a wisdom which the children of wisdom will justify in studying the truth that God has made known and illustrated in these sacraments and symbols of highest work—the lives of good men.

The main facts of the life of our friend are pretty well known to the public, but there are some points of interest that will serve to illustrate the lessons which we desire to gain to-day. Dr. Holland comes before our memories in the three-fold character of man, writer, and Christian. In each sphere of life he was noteworthy. Filling each rôle he left a good example, and the world is bettered for his living in it, and our hearts are richer because they knew him, and heaven is closer to us because such a man lived and trusted and labored and loved and died. He was a good gift of God, and we rejoice and are thankful, even though the tear will start and the heart feel a pang.

Our friend was the outgrowth of New England life; and though, perhaps, in some respects, he moved away from what we understand in its absoluteness by the

New England fashion of thought and living, still he never ceased to smack of its soil, and the keen-eyed observer might trace the elements of character native to that part of our country beneath the broader spirit of the man of letters, of affairs, and of the world. That quick movement of the mind, that shrewd outlook upon men and things, that sense of the infinite and the unseen, that sometimes almost quaint combination of the spirit which is at home in both worlds, that strong self-reliance, that intense love of liberty, that chivalrous regard for the weak and the oppressed, that confidence in the life and future of America, that instinctive sense of the moral meaning of all our life—these, among other characteristics of the New Englander, were most distinctly manifest in our friend.

He was a native of Belchertown, one of a family of seven, born into circumstances which might fairly have kept him within the narrow limits of the little country district that gave him birth, but out of which he escaped by sheer force of determined pluck and courage, industry and enterprise. For a long while, Dr. Holland, like others of his countrymen, tried one path and another which might lead him to his life-work. It is strange that he never made any steps toward the ministry; for I suppose no one knew him well, no one has understood the spirit of his writings, who has not recognized that he was one of the men who were really called to preach, and who felt that call, and never escaped the influence of the preaching spirit, whether as journalist, lecturer, novelist, or poet. But apparently the circumstances of his career, and the peculiar history of his own mind, prevented him from entering upon a profession for which he was eminently fitted, and in which he would have been very successful. After various kinds of employ-

ment had been tried and abandoned, he at length gave himself to the study of medicine; but, although finishing his course of study and commencing practice, he never liked the work, and soon retired from it. Journalism in the growing city of Springfield seemed to furnish the field for his literary instincts, and for a while he conducted a small paper which he started, but from which in six months he retired to take charge of a school at Richmond, Va. This was hardly congenial work, even though he was made superintendent of schools at Vicksburg; and in the year 1849 he resigned his position and returned to his old home in Springfield.

Here he was associated with Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the *Springfield Republican*, and after awhile became an editor and part publisher of that able and typical paper. Dr. Holland at last had found his place. In the regular duties of editing and the extra labors of his special work through the columns of the *Republican*, he commenced to gain the ear of the reading public, and became especially popular by the papers on moral and social and domestic subjects, which appeared from time to time, and by which he was, and in some parts of the country is still, chiefly known. In historical subjects his "History of Western Massachusetts" is an authority. His sketch of the life of Lincoln sold immensely. His papers published as "Letters of Timothy Titcomb," his "Gold Foil," "Lessons in Life," and "Letters to the Joneses," had an almost unexampled popularity. His novels, "The Bay Path," "Miss Gilbert's Career," "Sevenoaks," "Arthur Bonniecastle," and "Nicholas Minturn," gave him a more definite place in the literature of our time, while his poems, "Bitter Sweet," "Kathrina," "The Mistress of the Manse," and others in scattered or gathered forms, have been more widely

read than those of any other poetic author of the country, with perhaps the exception of Mr. Longfellow.

The last years of our friend's life have been employed in the editorship of *Scribner's Monthly*, a literary venture which has gained unparalleled success, and has taken its place among the foremost issues of its kind belonging to the English-speaking people. To the pages of this magazine his later works have been contributed, and besides the general oversight from the editor's chair, he steadily, and without break to the very last, contributed the admirable and useful papers entitled "Topics of the Time." The sheet was still wet with the newly written words of one of these essays when death rudely broke into it and left it unfinished upon the editor's table.

But Dr. Holland's life, busy and absorbed as it was in these labors of the writer, was by no means so occupied as to leave no place for those other duties, private and social, which go to make up the fulness and the completeness of our career. Into the privacy of the domestic scene I will not intrude; but many of you know what a husband and father and friend this man was. Nowhere did his fine form and countenance appear to better advantage than in dispensing the courtesies of social life, and he ever loved to gather around him, not only those who were admitted to the inner sanctities of personal affection, but the circles which represented all shades of opinion and all types of culture and activity.

Dr. Holland's religious life, moreover, was expressed in forms of social and public significance. He was a member of the Church, and had been from early days. He never neglected the duties of public worship, and bore his share of those Christian labors which sustain

and develop the Church. He was a Sabbath-school teacher of great efficiency, if I mistake not, and was for some years the superintendent of a school at Springfield. He was passionately fond of music, and had a high ideal of the service of song in the house of the Lord. He led the singing in the choir for several years, and in the midst of his most pressing duties, when engaged as a lecturer in various parts of the country, I was told, by one of the clergymen of Springfield, he always managed to secure his return to his home at the end of the week, and frequently took his place in the choir of the church, singing there, not as the mere professional, or even amateur, but with the divine passion of the Christian priest who offered to the Lord the sacrifice of his sublime and holy song.

And Dr. Holland's relation to the Church did not become less intimate as he grew in influence and wealth. Very often, men who in their early days are good churchmen, when they achieve earthly success retire at least from the more manifest and practical service of religion. For my part, I see no reason why a man who has been a long time a Christian worker should withdraw from that position while he is still able and strong, simply because his business engagements become more exacting. Surely the work of the Lord is not that which should suffer at the hands of those whom the Lord is blessing. And so, while our friend remained at Springfield he was the firm and constant support of the churches with which he was connected. It was owing to him largely that the church to which he belonged did not entirely go down, and is now a strong and vigorous institution. He was associated with an excellent friend in that city in commencing and supporting the Memorial Church, founded on a principle

very dear to the departed—an enterprise, as one of the clergymen in Springfield strongly said in some memorial words spoken after the funeral, needing not a little patience and Christian spirit. Obstacles and needless perplexities were encountered, arising partly from the lack of sympathy on the part of Christian people who disapproved of the endeavor; all of which were met and surmounted with a firm and Christlike devotedness which to-day none will be unwilling to recognize, and which the Master himself approved in the success which crowned the work.

It was thus our friend lived and labored. Always a pure, true, brave man—always at his post—always kindly, sympathetic, and helpful—he fell in the midst of duty, and was mourned by all who loved because they knew him, and with a fame and reputation which no man might be unwilling to claim.

That Dr. Holland's course was one of success no one will for a moment doubt. If a man's first business in life is to provide things honest in the sight of all men, both for himself and for his family, then certainly, viewed from that point of human necessity, we can congratulate our friend upon his achievement. It is not often that the mere man of letters succeeds in secular things with a much more marked success; and when we ask ourselves the cause of it, we find, apart from the skill with which he did his work, the influence of those protective and conserving virtues which are the security and glory of life. Because a man is a genius, or even because he has the semblance of genius—even if not blessed with the diviner glow, often we have to pass by with a gentle pity, forgetting the failure to keep those first laws of life upon which welfare so largely depends. When Oliver Goldsmith died, leaving debts of £2,000

unpaid, his friend Dr. Johnson gently said, "Never was poet so trusted." And it has come to be a sort of popular expectation that a man of letters shall be in some way or other more or less of a Bohemian, and shall especially make wreck of health, and social virtue, and family standing. Now, in truth (even as a matter of biographical history), this is a libel, although there are some sad and notorious instances in the history of genius. But our departed friend was emphatically a man of affairs. He understood how to husband his means, and he possessed all those guardian virtues which build up character, and especially shine within the home. His views about the use of intoxicating drinks were well known, and he endured a kind of reproach and social martyrdom from the very fact of his absolute total abstinence. And yet who shall impugn his motives, or lessen for a moment the esteem in which we regard his social and hospitable qualities? None found him less genial because he did not look upon the wine when it was red, when it giveth its color in the cup. And how many a famous name in letters and in song might have been spared the shame and obloquy which tender affection has to hide, if the example of Holland had been followed, and there had been the exercise of that self-restraint by which he was preserved!

And what might I not say, were this other than a public occasion, as to the domestic relations of our friend? He had ambition; he loved fame; he delighted in the honor which men gave him; he enjoyed the pleasant things which money could afford. But all these were chiefly cared for that he might crown the days and make bright the life of the woman he had chosen in his youth, and the dear hearts God had given to them in their union of confidence and love. He was

a home-lover and a home-keeper. He knew the glory and strength of a nation was in the fidelity of husband and wife, and in the sweet joys of the fireside, where children gather, and where the little circle of trusted friends is sometimes allowed to press, but even that must not be permitted to break down the more immediate sanctities which belong to the husband and the father. Read his books, peruse his essays, con his songs, recall his conversations, and you will recognize how the man was every whit of him a man of virtue, of probity, of pureness and self-restraint, and there you will find the secret of that success which not only gained, but kept; which was not only fame, but also character; which was built, not upon the shifting sands of a fickle popularity, but upon the strong, firm foundation of a personal and a domestic virtue.

Holland was a good man. That is the plain and unvarnished statement. Nothing illustrated this more than the spirit with which he dealt with certain forms of life and letters as seen in our time or as recorded in the past. He was large-hearted and broad in his views. Some people have thought him latitudinarian, almost too willing to allow a scope and liberty which might become license and the absence of all law. Then, again, he was loyal to his profession. Men of letters were dear to him, and he repaid the insolent and bigoted sectarianism of some schools of culture with a generous, hearty brotherliness and *camaraderie* that were almost sufficient to atone for the unpardonable crime of a too great popularity, achieved by a man who did not belong to a special order, and had not graduated at the recognized schools of the prophets of our generation. And yet he gave no indulgence to licentious forms of art in any sort. In plain, nervous

speech, with a directness and strength of diction which has few equals among the current writers of our age, he rebuked excesses and abuses of every kind. The artist, in Holland's estimation, was always less than an artist when he forgot the laws of morality and virtue. In poetry, in painting, in prose, in sculpture, in politics, in social life—everywhere he sought to purify and to ennoble the aims of men. Sometimes his high sense of goodness prevented him from fully appreciating the intellectual force of some of the masters of human art. I shall never forget the scorn and loathing with which he criticised one of the great books of literature (which he had never happened to read until I had requested him to do so), because of the horror with which he was inspired by its low moral tone in certain passages. The pure fire of his virtuous nature shot its flames so high that the mental vision could not calmly scan and survey the intellectual force of the author; and the very portion which probably the majority of readers, especially of the literary kind, pass by and find tame and uninteresting, was to him the charm and salvation of the book from absolute putrescence, by its sweet and profound delineation of the religious history of a soul. I repeat it, Dr. Holland was a good man, and this was the secret of his success among the people who can recognize virtue, and in the long run always believe in it and put themselves into its keeping.

It would not become me in this place to enter into any long criticism of Dr. Holland's literary work. As to its external form, the make-up of his books, the plots of his novels, the dramatic and lyric character of his scenes, the style of his writing, the claim of his poetry, the critics, if they please, can make their own estimate. He is, at least, beyond their troubling. Praise and

blame can little harm him now; and surely he had enough to satisfy the cravings of an ambitious heart in the harvest of honor and wealth which he reaped. Whether Dr. Holland is to be reckoned among the great poets and the great novelists, or the great essayists of the world, is not for me here to inquire. But I do know this: that he wielded a pen of consummate skill. I doubt whether better English has issued from the contemporary press of the last ten years than may be read in his "Topics of the Time." I know that he managed to hit the taste of a vast reading public, and, best of all, I know that of all the lines he wrote there was not one that he would have desired to blot. In that is the point upon which, from the pulpit, I care to insist. The goodness and virtue of the man always appeared in his writing. I go farther than this: it was goodness and virtue of an aggressive kind, which desires to make other people good and virtuous. It was not merely the passive, the self-sustaining character, of which we can say it did not break the laws of morality, that we detect in our friend's work; but it was that pushing, that expres sive, that conquering and masterful virtue which, indeed, drew down upon him some of the criticism which was so contemptible and unjust. He was not only a good man, but he wanted to make others good. He was then more than an artist who only wants to please; he was more than a philosopher, even more than a moralist, who only wants to understand and to judge; he was a reformer, he was a teacher; he was, as we have already said, a preacher; and he never took the pen in hand, even to write a poem, but he donned the preacher's gown and ascended the preacher's pulpit, and aimed at converting and saving and making men better.

And the real explanation of all this was the religious nature which lay at the base of Dr. Holland's character. He was a Christian man in the deepest sense of that term. He had, of course, received the usual training in Christian and dogmatic truth which a New England youth was likely to find, and had experienced the force of the religious sanctions upon his moral and spiritual nature. But then he had gone through a very remarkable experience. Christian teaching had not stiffened with him into a hard dogma of inflexible belief, to be used rather as a test of other people's opinions and life than the inspiration of his own. Neither had religious truth become for him a sort of social conscience, a kind of historical, mental, and spiritual atmosphere, which a man was to take on without finding in it much personal significance; indeed, on the whole, thinking it advisable not greatly to inquire, lest the very elements and combinations of faith subjective, if not objective, might be rudely disturbed. But religion had been to him a sore disquietude. The truth of Christ and His Gospel had been painfully questioned by him at one time. He passed through a critical and doubtful season, and this, let it be noted, with no light heart. He did not think scepticism and questioning and uncertainty a fine thing or a trifling matter. But it was with tears and strong cries and deep misgivings that he made his way through the dark valley, and at last came into the light that was beyond. Historic and parental and social and national religion thus became personal with Dr. Holland, and hence it was a fire that consumed him—a fountain within that must have found its way and poured forth its stream.

It was this that caused some of Dr. Holland's words to seem to some people to be dangerous and novel.

Men who go through these crises of spiritual history as he went through, will generally emerge with a few truths clearly apprehended, vital, all inspiring; and for the rest they will have a respectful honor, but no very passionate regard. Such men learn, if I may call it, the perspective of religion. The system of doctrine is not quite a wooden puzzle, the smallest peg of which is the very key and binder of the whole. The panorama of divine truth is not represented after the fashion of Chinese art, where each object is painted as if the artist were close to it and saw nothing else. But he had allowed for himself many things to pass into a secondary place, and to be wholly subordinate to the grand and central facts of God his Father and Jesus Christ his Saviour. That he was orthodox with the orthodoxy of the schools I firmly believe, if you would allow him to speak his orthodoxy with his own words and tell his story in his own way. That he was devout, a humble believer in Jesus Christ, accepting the Gospel of the Crucified One as the only hope of the world, responding to the love and pity and grace of God with a loyal and a trustful and a Christ-like heart, no man who had preached to Dr. Holland for nearly five years, had seen his face as the mysteries of the Kingdom were proclaimed, and had drawn inspiration from that rapturous countenance and those streaming eyes (would to God that all preachers had such hearers multiplied!) who had heard his prayers and had seen his life, could for a moment doubt.

And it was this which moved and kindled ever within the spirit of our friend. His religion was, as I have said, so real to him, so practical, so effective, and it seized him so firmly by that side of it which looks and hastens to the conquest of the world, that he could

not but express it, and use it as an instrument in his labors. It could not but enter into and inform and dominate everything that he did.

It is thus, my friends, that the well-rounded life and character of the man we mourn stands before us. Were we in the mood for moralizing and drawing lessons, we might gain not a few; for such a course is an inspiration as it is an example to us all. We should see what a man can do in compelling circumstances to his will, and yet will not a devout heart recognize all through his career the presence of that Divinity that shapes all our ends, that Providence who leads and controls us, and fashions for us all the way of our going? Often in his life the road seemed barred and blocked, and yet when he came up to the barring the way opened and he went straight on. But he was always ready for the leading, always faithful to duty. He never sat down in self-indulgence or despondency; he rested neither for ease nor for incertitude.

Then, too, was not his life spent in doing his work heartily? He was altogether in that to which he set his hand. "This one thing I do!" was the motto of his life and the law of his endeavor. And it was thus that honor and fame and success crowned his labor, and that, when he was gathered by the swift sickle of death, it was as a shock of full-ripe corn.

And energy and industry were all bound together by the bond of goodness. Of the Master it was said that "He went about doing good," and our friend followed in the footsteps of his Lord, and his life was spent in doing good. Indeed, as we have seen, he did not simply work as a literary worker, but he used the literary method in order that he might do good. This is a lesson to all such toilers. "Art for art's sake!"

That is true; but life is nobler than art, and character and duty are more blessed, more divine, than even genius and culture. It would seem at least not easy to avoid the introduction of moral considerations into the artist's work; and if you must fail upon one side or the other, better fail with the good than go down into the mire and the hell of the corrupt and the corrupting. After all, the question is not whether a man has been less an artist because he was more a man, but whether the force of the ethical spirit and the moral impulse has not really raised and quickened and inspired the artist. Had Holland worked on the lower plane of careless ethics, he would not have been the writer, the poet, the novelist that he became. The divine artist Himself has created a world infinitely more wonderful and fair, because, beyond the material form, the intellectual fitness, the natural beauty, there were ends of righteousness and goodness that have lifted earth to heaven and made man to become a son of God. Here the popular heart and conscience have more insight than the critic. The negative morality of the artist will sink him to the narrow sphere of a school. The ethics of art will raise it to be the religion of a race.

Brethren, I count myself happy to have known this man. He has made life for me sweeter and more rich, and though the sense of loss is deep and painful, the memory of his friendship is an undying gain. For those of you who have been the companions of his work, and whom he has guided and directed in the special form of labor, how dear will be the recollection of his character and toil! What a stimulus he was to earnest work! How he bettered life and filled it with the pure, strong purposes of a true man! Those who were the intimates of his social circle, especially

who gathered round about him in the family connection—to you what words could I speak that would be fitting as setting forth his worthiness or representing the measure of your loss? But he himself would have directed you to those sources of comfort from which he had himself, in like circumstances, drawn. We know not only in whom we have believed, but also in whom the departed believed, and that He can keep that which is committed unto Him until that day. It is on this we rest. Dr. Holland served Christ, and Christ has called him to Himself. And the Master said, "Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. If I go away, I will come and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." And when the Lord came our friend went, and he is now with Christ.

And this is the lesson that we would gather from all the life of our friend. If he was an ideal man, he had found that ideal in the Christian life. If he was a success, his faith did nothing to hinder, did everything to aid, that success. His thoughts, his workings were all inspired by his Christian life and character; and to his profession, to his generation, to the young who rise to take the places of the departed, to us all, Dr. Holland is a bright example; his death is a solemn voice of warning that speaks "Be ready;" his faith, his character, a fresh testimony to the truth and power of that Gospel which makes wise unto salvation—that religion which has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

SKETCHES AND TRIBUTES

"And now, my friends, farewell! Life is before you—not earthly life alone, but life—a thread running interminably through the warp of eternity; and while I wish you all manly and womanly joy, and all healthful delight, I do not wish that no pain come on you, no care oppress you, no toil weary you, no sorrow swim in your eyes, no temptations beset you; but I wish that you may bear what God puts upon your shoulders, and bear it well. I wish that it may not be necessary to chasten you overmuch; but you can hardly grow strong without trouble, or sympathetic without sorrow. It was necessary that the only true human life ever lived should be made 'perfect through suffering;' and it is strange presumption for you to think that you can be made perfect without it. I wish you many years upon the earth—as many as will minister to your growth and happiness—for life is a sweet as well as a great and wonderful thing. I wish you a family of precious children to fill your homes with music and enrich your hearts with love. And when, in the evening of life, the golden clouds rest sweetly and invitingly upon the golden mountains, and the light of heaven streams down through the gathering mists of death, I wish you a peaceful and abundant entrance into that world of blessedness, where the great riddle of life, whose meaning I can only hint at, will be unfolded to you in the quick consciousness of a soul redeemed and purified."—TITCOMB'S LETTERS.

SKETCHES AND TRIBUTES.

MR. LYMAN'S ADDRESS.

Sixty-two years previous to the 19th of July last, near the northern boundary of this parish, there began an earthly career which has just been suddenly closed, rich with worthy honors and blessed with abundance of "garnered sheaves." This town has not given to the world a more distinguished man; probably, I might safely say, not another so distinguished. The lines which encircle our national domain have not bounded his fame and influence. These have extended also into almost all parts of the British dominions, and have been more or less felt wherever English is read.

From one of our plain, unpretentious homes—a home where, if there was poverty, there was also piety and something of an intellectual life—he went forth into the world and took part in its affairs, until he had won a permanent place in the literature of his native land; until more of his books had been sold than of those of any other American author, and until he had won the rare and precious opportunity of speaking, in his own name, month by month, on the "topics of the time," to more than 125,000 families in America and Great Britain. This was a grand opportunity, which he had in no small part created, which he gladly embraced, and in meeting which he spoke many a true and trenchant word, that wrought energetically and healthfully on the public life.

When lately the circumstances called him to review his connection with this, his latest and greatest enterprise, he closed with the expression of a hope, which met a sympathetic response in the hearts of many thousands among the thinking people of our land. He says: "With the burden of business responsibility lifted from my shoulders, I hope to find my hand more easily at work with my pen; and I trust that, for many years, I may hold the relation to the great reading world which this editorial position gives me."

But he knew that this hope hung by a slender thread. Within a twelvemonth I had it from his own lips, that he was in an incurably diseased condition, that any violent exertion—even a brisk walk of five blocks—would probably precipitate death, and that it was impossible for him to walk, even slowly, up three flights of stairs to his editorial rooms without stopping. In the consciousness of this extreme liability, he has daily wrought at his editorial and other tasks, and in this consciousness the expression of that hope was sent to his readers.

This is quite evident in the latest utterance which has yet come to us from his pen. "It has been a great privilege to meet monthly a million men and women in these pages, and to speak to them of morals, religion, politics, literature, and life, and present to them some of the choicest offerings of prose and verse that the country can produce. For many years we hope to meet the readers of *The Century* in a constantly increasing circle, with better gifts in our hands; but we know that the time must come when we must cease from labor, and relinquish the work to other and younger hands. We envy these coming men their great and interesting future."

One of his books bore the title "Lessons in Life," a title which would have applied equally well to several of them. He aspired to be what he empathically became, a teacher of morals. It was his desire and aim to help men and women toward godly living. I seize the present occasion to study some of the lessons of his life, under the solemn impression which his sudden departure produces. The fact of his birth within the limits of this parish, and of the continued residence among us of many of his family connections, makes him somewhat more to us than simply the public man. I desire that, through me, either in his own words, or in the lessons of his life, he may speak to this congregation, within this sanctuary, where, sixty-eight years ago on the 4th of April last, his father and mother, together with many others, stood before the assembly, and publicly entered into covenant with God and with this branch of his visible Church.

That was a great day for this church, and that a great year—one of the greatest in its history. It was early in the ministry of Rev. Experience Porter, while the venerable pastor, Justus Forward, was still alive, and able to make the record of the Church's ingathering.

In this year, 1812, a memorable revival began here, became general throughout the town, and continued about a year. The first great ingathering took place April 4, 1813, and on this day Harrison Holland and his wife Anna Gilbert united with the Church. Here Dr. Holland's parents for years were accustomed to attend divine service. Here they were married, November 5, 1810, probably by the venerable Pastor Forward, then approaching the end of his fifty-nine years' pastorate. Here, November 25, 1813, was baptized their son, Charles Gilbert, to whose early death Dr. Holland

touchingly alludes in the inimitable poem, "Daniel Gray." In his picture of "Old Daniel Gray," the poet is generally supposed to have embodied his idea of his own father.

> "Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
> Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
> Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
> Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.
>
> "So, if I ever win the home in heaven
> For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
> In the great company of the forgiven
> I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray."

Into the autobiographical story, "Arthur Bonnicastle," much of Dr. Holland's personal life is woven, as must be apparent to one who knew him and his history. The father, in this story, is much such a man as Daniel Gray. Arthur says: "My father was a plain, ingenious, industrious craftsman, and a modest, thoroughly earnest Christian. He was an affectionate man. His life seemed bound up in that of my mother; yet he never gave direct expression to this affection." This was a failing of Daniel Gray. "I knew he could not live without her, yet I never saw him kiss her, or give her one caress. Indeed, I do not remember that he ever kissed me or my sisters. We all grew up hungry, missing something, and he, poor man, was hungriest of all."

This "ingenious, industrious craftsman," this "modest, thoroughly earnest Christian," lived in a little house, lately burned, which stood on the right as you go toward Amherst and descend into the meadow-basin, this side of Dwight Station. Here he was not far from the

Gilbert homestead, where the mother of his children grew to womanhood. Here he owned and run a carding-machine. Here, for the most part of the time, he lived till 1822, when he removed to Heath, from whence he returned in 1834. Soon after he removed to South Hadley, then to Granby, and then to Northampton. During all these years it is said that he was interested in various inventions, one or more of which proved successful.

As I dwell upon the large and worthy success of Dr. Holland's life, I wish all the young people who hear me to think of him as a Belchertown boy, with no advantages (except such as were within him) beyond what are enjoyed by any of the young people on the Belchertown farms to-day.

[After an extended biographical and critical sketch of Dr. Holland's life and work, Mr. Lyman continued:]

His domestic life was singularly beautiful and affectionate. His appreciation of all that is fine, and noble, and holy, in the varied family relations, runs as a golden vein through all his works. Into "Arthur Bonnicastle," which he cast in autobiographical form, he wove much of his own personal experience. Its closing chapter is so tender and sweet that I wish I could read it all in your hearing, especially as it, in his mind, must have related to those whose lives some of you can remember. He had long been the only survivor of his father's numerous family, to which fact, as we must suppose, he alludes when he says: "They were all here then—father, mother, brothers and sisters—and the family life was at its fullest. Now they are all gone, and I am alone. All the present relations of my life are those

which have originated since. I have wife and children and hosts of friends, yet still I am alone. No one can go back with me into these reminiscences of my earliest life, or give me sympathy in them."

How touchingly he sketches the death of his father, and what a tribute he pays! "I press his hand, and hear him say: 'It is all well: take care of your mother.' We all bend and kiss him. A few quick breaths, and the dear old heart is still—a heart so true, so tender, so pure, so faithful, so trusting, that no man could know it without recognizing the Christian grace that made it what it was, or finding in it infallible evidence of the divinity of the religion by whose moulding hand it was shaped, and from whose inspiration it had drawn its life."

Here is a remembrance of his own home in its early days: "It is resonant with little feet, and musical with the voices of children. They climb my knees when I return from the fatigues of the day. I walk in the garden, with their little hands clinging to mine. I listen to their prayers at their mother's knee. I watch over them in sickness. I settle their petty disputes. I find in them, and in their mother, all the solace and satisfaction that I desire or need. Clubs cannot win me from their society. Fame, honor, place, have no charms that crowd them from my heart. My home is my rest, my amusement, my consolation, my treasure-house, my earthly heaven." How charmingly and tenderly this tells what home should be! "Ah, this taking to one's arms a little group of souls fresh from the hand of God, and living with them in loving companionship, is, or ought to be, like living in heaven." Parents, are we not too liable to forget the meaning, the dignity, the privilege of this our high calling?

But death invades his home, and he writes: "Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I weep with you; I trust with you; I belong to you." Is not this one of God's purposes in causing us to suffer? Is it not to make us sympathetic?

"There is no fountain which the angel of healing troubles with his restless, life-giving wings so constantly as the fountain of tears; and only those, too lame and bruised to bathe, miss the blessed influence." And is not this another of God's purposes in allowing us to be bereft?

Yesterday I stood among the mourning friends and acquaintances beside the casket which contained all that was mortal of the essayist, poet, novelist, editor, historian, orator. I looked upon the placid and noble features, natural as though asleep. The fertile brain had ceased to be the organ of the soul's thought. The eye no longer kindled with affection and enthusiasm. The heart which felt for even the lowliest—the heart "so true, so tender, so pure, so faithful, so trusting"—had suddenly ceased its pulsations. Over it lay the nerveless hand which had wielded the facile pen with such grand purpose and effect. My steadfast gaze met not the slightest recognition. The soul, which once animated and gave worth and meaning to the now lifeless form, was not coffined and shrouded. It had escaped into the higher air. Up yonder the soul still thinks, and hopes, and trusts, and is still prepared and eager for such service as may be committed to it. And down here among men the life and writings will abide, and will work on beneficently and effectively for years to come more than we can tell.

In the end of "Arthur Bonnicastle" he wrote: "Life has no significance to me, save as the theatre in which

my powers are developed and disciplined for use, and made fruitful in securing my own independence and the good of those around me; or as the scene in which I am fitted for the work and worship of the world beyond."

This tells us how he regarded life. Let us see how he regarded death. "The generations come and go without significance, if there be not the confident hope and expectation of something to follow, so grand, and sweet, and beautiful, that we can look upon it without misgiving or pain. Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it."

In his brief poem "Alone!" Dr. Holland speaks of the fact that his dearest friends cannot enter into his deepest experiences. Notwithstanding their sympathy, he is alone—

"In the valley of death all alone;
The sighs and tears of my friends are in vain,
For mine is the passage and mine is the pain,
And mine the sad sinking of bosom and brain—
Still alone in the world, all alone.

"Not alone, never, never alone;
There is one who is with me by day and by night,
Who sees and inspires all my visions of light,
And teaches my conscience its office aright—
Not alone in the world, not alone.

"Not alone, never, never alone;
He sees all my weakness with pitying eyes,
He helps me to lift my faint heart to the skies,
And in my last passion he suffers and dies—
Not alone, never, never alone!"

In frequent communion with this dearest heavenly Friend he lived, and in the possession of His sweet and sustaining companionship he went down into the valley of the shadow of death, and so passed from our sight.

Since he knew that the "silver cord" was most tenuous, and was liable to part asunder at any moment, he gave to the world that pathetic, yet hopeful poem, "Threnody," of which here is a part:

"O life! why art thou so bright and boon?
O breath! why art thou so sweet?
O friends! how can you forget so soon,
The loved ones who lie at your feet?

"The ways of men are busy and bright,
The eye of woman is kind.
It is sweet for the eyes to behold the light,
But the dying and dead are blind.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun falls into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

"But, if life awake, and will never cease,
On the future, distant shore,
And the rose of love, and the lily of peace,
Shall bloom there for evermore,
Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea,
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me?"

The gifted and accomplished man has gone from among us in the fulness of his power and of his fame. He has stepped down suddenly from his position of wide and beneficent influence, and we are left to de-

plore, as we cannot but deplore, that a man with such faith in God, with such love for men, with such high moral purpose in all his art, with such hatred of all the wrongs which prevail in society, should be removed from his position of honor and of power. Notwithstanding, his work will abide and his life will prove an inspiration to many.

PRESIDENT PORTER'S REMINISCENCES.

The tribute of honor and affection which I would pay to the memory of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, is founded on an intimate and affectionate friendship with him during what was, perhaps, the most critical period of his life—when he was as yet uncertain of his future, and struggling under a variety of depressing circumstances. When he came to Springfield, in 1844, with his newly gained diploma, to try his fortune as a physician, I was pastor of an infant church, which was also struggling for growth, if not for life. He very soon was attached to the congregation, and afterward was transferred by a letter to the church. The village and town were swarming with physicians, the established and the newly arrived—in these particulars like the population —and both were in no bad sense largely adventurers, with scanty means and no assured future, all looking first and foremost to a sufficient income to meet their immediate wants. There was stir and enterprise, but an uncomfortable jostling between the old and the new. The staid, respectable, dignified, aristocratic, and sleepy river town, with its indolent exclusiveness, had scarcely been waked from its old traditional ways by the new people, that reminded it of the rush and

the ring of the locomotive engine that had done so much to bring in these half-unwelcome strangers. As has already been said, there were doctors in abundance—twice as many as were wanted. Of this fact Dr. Holland soon became sensible, and nearly as soon that, in a community of strangers to one another, such as was the parish and church to which he attached himself, it was likely to be a slow business for any physician to make even a modest living. To make the matter still more discouraging, the favorite physician of many of the best families in the parish had a very strong hold on their confidence.

It was obvious at once that the Doctor was a self-respecting gentleman, wearing from the first the same winning and dignified manner, which subsequently became a shade or two more positive. He was clearly very intelligent. His conversation showed that he had observed men and things closely and shrewdly, and was gifted with insight into character. His language was more than usually well chosen, and for his age, and certainly for his advantages, his opinions were manly and discriminating. He was singularly mature in individuality, manners, intelligence, and in a gentle, yet positive character. What was more important, this character was singularly truthful and upright, and for this reason was both sweet and strong. He had not the culture that comes from classical study, but he had read with discrimination and love many of the leading poets of England and America, and in his conversation and his own writing always made a facile use of idiomatic and pure English. It was evident that he was fond of literature, and at home in it, from his tastes and his facility in production; but what was he as a physician? He was well read and intelligent, sympathizing and faithful.

More than this, he was ingenious and thoughtful. Had he fallen into a homogeneous and well-established community, and found a place ready for him as the successor of one who had vacated it in a legitimate method, there is no reason to doubt that his energy and enthusiasm would have insured him success and eminence. But he was not the man to push himself into practice by rough or ungracious ways in such a community as that in which he found himself. He was very early discouraged, and discouragement wore heavily upon him for at least three years. But he was not inactive. He made some literary essays of a trifling sort. The opportunities for publication in the local press were very limited. The village papers were for the large village only. The incitements in money and reputation were inconsiderable. He had already made some essays as a poet, and had cherished the hope and the ambition of success. That he had promising facility in rhyming and verse was obvious enough. That he had learned that success could only come by culture was equally clear to one with whom he conversed in a critical mood. After a few essays, scarcely worth naming, he made for himself a situation by persuading some one to start a local weekly, with himself for an editor, primarily as a temporary resource for a living, and incidentally that he might gratify his strong impulse toward letters. In this paper he not only found a place for his various literary effusions in prose and verse, but also for some social and ethical criticism, the tendency to which was very noticeable from the first.

As I recall his conversation at this time, I distinctly remember that he gave abundant evidence of being a sharp observer and a keen critic of men. He had taught school here and there, and tried his hand at debating,

and perhaps lecturing, and, though under severe limitations, had seen in his way a good deal of the world, even though the world to him had comprised only three or four towns—country towns in Hampshire County; but any one who knows anything of the exhaustless originality of the Yankee character in a town in New England, where the school and meeting-house and training and election days, with manifold other educators, have free play, will understand that a sharp-eyed Yankee school-master may easily gather more knowledge of mankind from such opportunities than many a highly cultured exquisite, with limitations of another sort, often acquires in a trip twice around the world by steam-ship and railway. At all events, Dr. Holland had seen men, and thought of what he had seen, and drawn his own inferences, and formed his own judgments. These judgments were critical, but amiable; sharp, but kind. What was of more importance, they were strongly and distinctively ethical. Meanness and wickedness of every sort he seemed instinctively to abhor and condemn. He was eminently hearty in his likes and dislikes of the good and bad, and more than usually sharp in discriminating the signs of good and evil. He made no special pretensions to religious earnestness, and was not a whit of a Pharisee in his bearing; but was from the first, as afterward, more than usually easy in his own ways and manners. But he was a very sharp judge of the consistency of men with the ethical and Christian standards, which are so universally professed, and from the first to the last made ethical considerations distinctive and prominent. He wrote as if he had faith in them and was not in the least ashamed of them, and as if he knew that his readers believed that they were real and sacred. Theologically he was neither exact nor

profound. He knew that he was not, and, as in other matters, did not care much for what he had never attended to. I think when he was transferred to my church he frankly owned to some theological difficulties. I do not remember that he had much prominence, if any, in the familiar meetings for devotion; but I do remember that the Christian character was the ideal by which he judged himself and his fellow-men with great strictness and fervor.

His days of depression were illumined by his marriage in part only, for, while this event wondrously sweetened and illuminated his life, it increased and deepened his anxieties. And yet it is rare that marriage has been a greater blessing to a man than was his from the first. I well remember when he told me of his engagement, and of his plans and hopes of success within his profession, and how greatly his friends blessed his choice and congratulated him on his probable success.

I need not repeat the story of the change of his pursuits and plans. All that I need say is, that for six years he was in the discipline of struggle and uncertainty, all the while meeting the cares and calls of the day, and little more, and never anticipating more than moderate success, either in letters or in life, yet all the while finding in composition, and in his sunny disposition, satisfaction and hope.

When, at length, he began his work as an editor, he entered upon a life of heavy toil, which required and found in Mr. Bowles and himself the ardor and the capacity for the drudgery which were so signally rewarded to both. It is not for me to describe his share in either. It is enough to say that but few men with his training could have projected and achieved so laborious

and detailed a history of the towns in Western Massachusetts for the columns of a newspaper, and have done it so well in so short a time. It is more to my purpose to observe that the high practical tone which characterized the man from my first knowledge of him became more and more conspicuous in his editorial career. Whether he or his associate contributed most largely in this direction to the final character of the paper, I have no means of deciding. That Dr. Holland could not do otherwise than write with courage and fervor where more moral questions were concerned, and insensibly infuse aspirations after decency and truth, would be conceded by all.

This brings us more definitely to the characteristic work of his life—that of a lay preacher of what, to a large extent, may be called the "minor morals" and the decorous and graceful charities of life. Most of my readers will remember that Joseph Dennis, distinguished as one of the earliest of our good prose *litterateurs*, wrote a series of papers called the "Lay Preacher," and that Irving, in "Salmagundi," did not disdain the office of ethical criticism, although his jokes were not always very decent or elevating. Ezra Sampson's "Brief Remarks" is another example. Dr. Holland had none of these in mind, though he followed somewhat in their line when he wrote Timothy Titcomb's "Letters to Young Men." The opportunity for good-natured, but severe strictures and suggestions, with a slight mixture of amiable satire, was certainly large enough, and the success of the writer in meeting the occasion was remarkable. It is not easy to give a complete explanation of this popularity. The art of saying plain and much-needed truth in such a manner as to hold the attention and interest the feelings, of relieving

the commonplace from dulness, and yet leaving it perfectly simple—this art is the admiration, if not the envy, of those who do not possess it. This art Dr. Holland had in an eminent degree, and he used it with a most useful effect. He was not ashamed to seem commonplace. His critics might say that he could not be anything else. His aim was to be useful, and, in order to be useful, he must be effective; and to this end he certainly made abundant use of the time-honored maxim: "*Look into thy own heart and write.*" It has been a great blessing to the generation which he has served so variously and so well, from 1848 to 1881, that he had so generous and pure a heart, into which he might look, and that he had the courage to express what he found there, and that he also possessed the gift of expressing what he found in a diction so facile and so clear, and with illustrations and enforcements that were so attractive. How earnest an affair he made of this inner truthfulness and self-reliance, and how well he understood himself and the secret of his own power, is well exemplified by a remark which he made to me, after the publication of "Bitter-Sweet." I had urged him to go to Europe and reside, and study and observe, that he might enlarge his knowledge of men and of ideas. To this he replied that he was afraid that he should lose the hold he had upon what he deemed his strength—viz., his New England blood and his familiarity with the convictions and manners and faith of his own people. These he regarded as his capital. Here he felt that he was strong, and he did not care to relax the energy of these convictions, nor the tenacity of these associations. This reply is significant, so far as it shows that he understood himself and the secret of his power and popularity.

Doubtless he owed somewhat of this power and

popularity to his habit of lecturing. This brought him in personal contact with multitudes, who were led to read his books by having seen the man who impressed them so pleasantly. This confirms our position, that his books owe their popularity in great measure to the fact that they contain so much of a living man, and a man withal so manly in faith and sweetness and charity and hope.

Of his merits and place as a poet I do not care to express any opinion, except that in not a few passages in "Bitter-Sweet" he shows rare felicity of diction, and rises to strains of sentiment of which no real poet need be ashamed. In other passages, as a whole, it is open to severe criticism, while yet its daring and its individuality lead us to respect the author. It is of little use to insist that such a writer lacks genius till critics are better agreed upon that in which genius consists.

As a novelist he always wrote for a purpose, and confessedly. His tales are *tendenz*-stories without question, and are fairly open to the criticism which such stories must always receive. It seems idle to pretend that they do not display manifold ability.

Dr. Holland undoubtedly, at one time in his life, felt very keenly that a certain school of critics in this country were disposed to do him injustice, and seemed to have combined to treat him with studious contempt. He might have reasonably consoled himself with the reflection that preachers of all grades, inasmuch as there is so much preaching required and used, are necessarily tiresome, even if they are eloquent and powerful, and that preaching in literature must follow this general law. Notwithstanding, preachers have their place in literature, and sometimes they are gifted with genius, even if certain critics persuade themselves that genius

is necessarily blasphemous, Agnostic, or Bohemian. He might have bethought himself that Christian ideas and Christian hopes will be likely to justify themselves to other generations, even though a narrow or even a large circle of professed illuminists should relegate them among the outcasts of the Philistines. Whatever he suffered unjustly was, however, more than made up by the testimony of respect and honor which is now paid to him from all quarters for his sweet and courageous manhood, for the high aims of character which he exemplified, for his genius for generous and noble acts, and the consecration of his gifts to the ennobling and sweetening of our American life.

He was, doubtless, pecuniarily, the most successful of American writers. His best success, however, was his success in the noble, loving manhood which he commended in his writings and his own character. This was more and more definitely and fervently nourished by a positive and conscious Christian faith as he went on in his life. As he went from one church to another, he gathered new courage and new zeal, and gave more and more of his heart to the life which is hid with Christ in God. While he did not abate one jot from the intelligence and Christian independence of his theological creed, he was more and more definitely fervent and Christian in his affections and activity.

For years he lived in the anticipation of a speedy and sudden death. His departure was both speedy and sudden, but none the less a *euthanasia.*

It happened that the writer spent the last night with him and his family, in his house at Brightwood, just as they were about to leave for Europe. At his morning worship the Doctor offered a singularly fervent and characteristic prayer of thanksgiving and praise for the

blessings of his life in that house, in which he seemed to pass that portion of his life in review, with most heartfelt gratitude for the way, guidance, and blessing of God.

When a man like Dr. Holland dies, it is not he alone who has occasion to render thanks for the guidance of his life. There are many others who are one with him in such a service of gratitude and praise, whether it is held in the present or the Immortal Life.

DOCTOR POTTER'S TRIBUTE.

"And here it is, in the light of these words of His own, that we come to understand the meaning of the cross of Christ. If love is to be the king of your life and mine, my brothers—if with us here, with all the strife and rivalry that make up our week-day world, the voice that bids us love is to be regnant over all other voices, somewhere or other there must be the spell that compels us to do so. An apostle had found that spell when he wrote, 'The love of Christ constraineth me,' and other men than he—aye, a mighty multitude whom no man can number—have looked also into the face crowned with thorns, and have learned there how to love!

"More than any other, it is the lesson for which our time is waiting. Oh, how clever, how persistent, how aggressive we Americans are! It is simply true that there is no conceivable enterprise demanding capital, courage, the sacrifice of time and strength, which would not, if it were proposed to-morrow, find a host of investors and followers. But the quieter, larger courage that, deep in the love of God and man, gives itself to

brighten and enrich and purify the sum of human life—that is not so common. The apostolic spirit that sent men forth aflame with a love of souls that would not let them rest—it is this that we need to have rekindled. Not by capital, not by culture, not by conquest, does any nation or any character become really noble or enduringly great, but rather by alliance with His life who gave the world anew the great commandment, and then translated it by his cross.

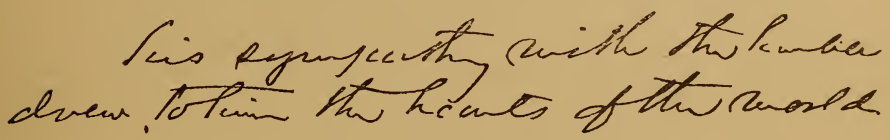
"One such character I desire to mention here this morning, just because, to so many of us, its influence has, perhaps, been so little known and so imperfectly appreciated. A man of letters died in this city during the past week, who, though he came here ten years ago from New England, was perhaps known personally to but few of this congregation. I speak of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, for some time the editor of a monthly magazine in this city, and for the greater part of his life an assiduous and prolific writer.

"He was a man of good gifts, consecrated by a great motive. Of clear and vigorous intellect, he was, best of all, like Noah of old, a preacher of righteousness, and one of rare power and singular sweetness. Writing of plain and homely themes, he never touched one of them that he did not ennoble; and over all that he wrote there breathed the spirit of one who loved God, and who, therefore, like Ben Adhem, 'loved his fellow-man.' His writings found an acceptance which has often puzzled the critics, and confounded the literary prophets. But their secret was not far to seek. They helped men. They lifted them up. They rebuked meanness. They encouraged all nobler aspirations. They were always a word for 'God and the right,' spoken with courage, but spoken most of all in a tone of manly

and brotherly sympathy that could not be misunderstood. In a word, this large influence (to which, for one, I gladly own to having been a debtor) owed its power for good—a power steadfast and wide-spreading I believe, as yet beyond adequate estimate—to a character touched itself by the spell of a divine love, and lifted by that spell into a throne of happy and wholesome influence over the hearts and lives of other men."

THE LAST WORDS.

[Last words written by Dr. Holland, October 11, 1881—referring to President Garfield.]



I.

We may not choose! Ah, if we might, how we
Should linger here, not ready to be dead,
Till one more loving thing were looked, or said—
Till some dear child's estate of joy should be
Complete—or we, triumphant, late, should see
Some great cause win for which our hearts had bled—
Some hope come true which all our lives had fed—
Some bitter sorrow fade away and flee,
Which we, rebellious, had too bitter thought;
Or even—so our human hearts would cling,
If but they might, to this fair world inwrought
With heavenly beauty in each smallest thing—
We would refuse to die till we had sought
One violet more, heard one more robin sing!

II.

We may not choose; but if we did foreknow
The hour when we should pass from human sight,
What words were last that we should say, or write,
Could we pray fate a sweeter boon to show
Than bid our last words burn with loving glow
Of heart-felt praise, to lift, and make more bright
A great man's memory, set in clearer light?
Ah yes! Fate could one boon more sweet bestow:—
So frame those words that every heart which knew,
Should, sudden, awe-struck, weeping turn away
And cry: "His own hand his best wreath must lay!
Of his own life his own last words are true—
So true, love's truth no truer thing can say—
'By sympathy all hearts to him he drew.'"

October 12, 1881. H. H.

J. G. H.

"*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*"

—Hor., Carm., I. 24.

Who knew him, loved him. His the longing heart
For what his youth had missed, his manhood known—
The haunts of Song, the fellowship of Art—
And all their kin he strove to make his own.

But his the good, true heart not thus content:
The words that fireside groups at eve repeat
He spoke, or sang; and far his sayings went,
And simple households found his music sweet.

So Heaven was kind and gave him naught to grieve.
Among his loved he woke at morn from rest—
One smile—one pang—and gained betimes his leave,
Ere strength had lost its use, or Life its zest.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Mountain, that watchest down the vale
  Most like a couchant lion—
Wide, winding river, whose fair breast
  Soft south winds gently die on—
Lift up the head; flow still and slow;
  Let no chill blast now chide you;
For one who loved you long ago
  Lies down to sleep beside you.

You nursed within his boyish heart
  The springing love of beauty;
You taught him, by your steadfast ways,
  The deeper lore of duty;
Your shade and shine about him lay
  In life's abundant labor;
And now the mound that holds his dust
  Shall be your lowly neighbor.

A good, brave man, a blameless man,
  He lived and wrought among us;
The truth he taught, the tales he told,
  The heart-songs that he sung us,
All shine with white sincerity,
  All thrill with strong conviction;
His words were seeds of honest deeds,
  His life a benediction.

The art he loved was not the art
  That finds its end in pleasing;
He loved to help and serve and bless
  With toil and care unceasing;
No gift, he said, its fruit hath borne
  Until with love 'tis mated;
No art is high, no art is pure,
  That is not consecrated.

And thus, with kindly souls who pass
  Through Baca's vale of weeping,
Beside whose way the fountains play,
  Joy-bringing, verdure-keeping,
From strength to strength this pilgrim went,
  With grace that ne'er forsook him,
Till suddenly, at break of day,
  He was not, for God took him.

We tell our loss, we bear our pain,
  Still thankful hearts upraising,—
For life so large and fruit so fair
  Our God the giver praising.
The heart must bleed, the tears must fall,
  But smiles through tear-drops glitter;
We drink the cup, and grateful find
  The sweet within the bitter.

O mountain! guard his precious dust;
  O river! seaward flowing,
By night your softest dews bestow
  To keep the grasses growing
That ever, with the bitter-sweet,
  His sacred grave shall cover—
Servant of man and friend of God,
  Brave thinker, steadfast lover.

October 16, 1881. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

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Josiah Gilbert Holland

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